

Witches, Warlocks and Shop Vacs

A short story by The Night Hawk
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Vickie was fuming.

The Witching Hour was drawing close and her husband, Jim, was still locked in the garage casting his spells.

Vickie didn't mind Jim's open self declaration of being a Warlock. Nor did she mind his feeble attempts at spell casting. What Jim didn't know was that Vickie was the real Pagan Priestess in the family. It was she who had the power and used it wisely and quietly. It was better this way. Besides, what would her neighbors think - not to mention the PTA!

But this was a special night - the second full moon in a month. She could not, however, tell Jim the real reason she wanted him out of the garage.

Jim, like most males, simply could not understand that the Earth Mother had endowed women with special gifts. She would have to clear his essence from the converted garage attached to the side of their red brick split level before she could even start to draw her own circle of praise and protection.

Vickie was a good witch. A white witch if you prefer and a true believer in the goodness the Earth Mother provided. It was rare that she begrudged Jim hogging the garage for long periods of time, since when he came out he was usually so fatigued by his attempts that he went right to bed and to sleep.

Sitting in the kitchen drinking a cup of herbal tea, no caffeine of course, she idly twirled a strand of her long cascading blonde curls with her free hand. Unlike Jim, who stood slightly stooped with his lean six foot four inch frame, Vickie was a mere five foot two but with a body to die for. All the curves in all the right places, her youthful appearance belied her real age of 35, and she was often mistaken for a much younger woman. She was proud of the fact that she had listened well to her mentor of years gone by and had forsaken of the poisons of cigarettes, caffeine, and other harmful substances. She exercised regularly and it showed. Her skin was tight with no excess weight and her breasts, an impressive 36C, stood firmly on her chest without the need for man-made support. Her hips flared nicely from a tiny waist, and her butt was the object of envy and admiration from many of their friends and colleagues.

Not wanting to lose this special night, Vickie sent a subtle telepathic signal to Jim suggesting that he was becoming tired. She was rewarded about five minutes later as she heard the unlocking of the door.

Jim looked absolutely beat. The look in his eyes told of another night with chances slim, if any, for success. He apologized to Vickie for leaving the garage a mess and promised to clean it in the morning. Vickie just smiled, kissed him on the forehead, and told him to go to bed; since she was not really tired, she would take care of cleaning up. Jim managed a weak smile, a grateful thank you, and staggered off to bed.

Once Jim was out of sight, Vickie dumped the last of her tea in the sink, and after cleaning the cup, she entered the garage, locking the door behind her.

To say 'garage' was actually a misnomer. Since the conversion, it was more of a self-contained room with a fabulous skylight that opened at the touch of a switch. There was no room for a vehicle of any kind, and the few items typically found in a garage were now stored in a closet built for this purpose.

At one end of the garage, Jim had built a small altar with all his trappings and icons. Poor Jim didn't even realize that Vickie used this room as well, but she had no need for icons or idols.

The sight of the garage though was shocking. It was obvious that Jim had once again scattered the ashes of burnt pine cones in patterns on the floor, and now it was up to Vickie to clean it up before she could start her own ritual.

Shaking her head in disbelief, Vickie moved towards the closet. Taking out a broom, she quickly swept the ashes to one side and threw the switch to open the skylight.

Fresh air poured in along with the bright light of this special moon.

A cool breeze blew in with the fresh air, and Vickie's nipples, especially sensitive to any kind of stimulation, quickly hardened into eraser-sized nubs. Reaching to the back of the closet, she opened the secret panel that she herself had built and retrieved her own robe and candles. Quickly she removed her t-shirt, and now with her breasts fully exposed to the crisp fall air, they tightened and rose even more proudly. Her dark brown nipples also felt the added chill and puckered further. Moving quickly, she slipped out of her jeans and panties and took the white silk robe and shivered as it slid sensuously over her naked form. As it slid down her body, the light tuft between her legs showed she was a natural blonde.

Vickie lit four sticks of incense and placed one on each of the four corners she had accurately marked on the floor showing the four points on the compass, saying a short prayer with each, thanking the Earth Mother. Next, she took four of the large candles and, lighting them, placed them in a row in honor of the four natural elements of Earth, Wind, Fire, and Air. Finally, after turning off the lights, she took a small bottle of precious distilled natural flower nectar, anointed herself, and flung a few droplets to each of the four cardinal points.

With the moonlight flowing through the open skylight, her hair and gown glowed with an eerie, almost supernatural glow. Carefully she turned and allowed a small stream of the oil to create an invisible circle around her.

Standing in the center of the circle she had created, Vickie began to chant in the old tongue in praise of the Earth Mother and giving thanks for the blessings bestowed upon her. She was a beautiful sight, illuminated by just the moon and the candles. Her gown clung to her like a second skin, highlighting the perfect body it covered.

With her hands raised, the large billowing sleeves of the robe slipped to her shoulders. She'd just begun the ritual dance when a sudden gust of wind blew in through the skylight, and the ashes that she had swept to the side rose like a cloud in the room.

Vickie frowned, trying hard to keep any negative thoughts from her mind. How could she show proper praise to the Earth Mother with this distraction?

With a deep sigh of regret for the time lost, which could have been spent in praise, Vickie quickly concluded her ritual with a special request for patience and understanding for herself.

It was her own fault, Vickie felt, for not disposing of the ashes earlier, instead, sweeping them to the side in her rush to start her own ceremony. Not bothering to turn on the light, she grabbed the broom from the closet and once again swept the floor while allowing the incense to continue to burn as well as the candles.

But all was not as it seemed!

As dust from the ashes of Jim's burnt pine cones mixed with the incense and the flames of the candles, a new aroma filled the air. It was a subtle change that Vickie did not notice, and she found herself getting slightly aroused.

Having swept what she could to the side, she decided to use Jim's Shop Vac to suck up the ashes. Pulling the large contraption out of the closet, she plugged it in and was overwhelmed with the response from the hose as it kicked into action. It seemed like it had a life of its own. Then she remembered that Jim had tinkered with the industrial vacuum during his "Tim Allen Tool Time" infatuation and had replaced the motor of the vac with a more powerful one. As his TV hero would say, "More Power!"

In order to control the 18-inch straight extension wand, Vickie was forced to straddle the twisting hose, which kept climbing and grinding the soft spot between her legs. She was incredibly aroused now but tried to keep her concentration on her task. It was an impossible endeavor.

In a moment of absolute clarity, she realized the Earth Mother had given her a special gift for tonight, and clamping the wand between her legs, she quickly shed her robe. She allowed the long hose to encircle her and encompass her body and tantalize her breasts, waist, and thighs with the powerful vibrating pulsations. The sensation was nearly overpowering as Vickie took the wand and brushed it all over her sensitive areas, allowing herself to completely indulge in this experience. Too soon though, it became too much and her body was quivering, begging for release. Taking the wand in two hands, she pressed it against her blonde pubic down and held on for what was to be the ride of her life.

The Shop Vac roared, and the hose squirmed, and the wand worked its magic on Vickie's most intimate area. Soon, she came, and that one was quickly followed by another, and then a string of climaxes followed on the heels of the ones before. Vickie grew weak and lost count of how many times the sensation had overtaken her. Reluctantly she flicked the switch on the Shop Vac and slowly sank to the floor. The light of the moon waned as it moved past the view from the skylight. Vickie gave silent thanks to the Earth Mother for the pleasures she had received.

Turning on the overhead lights, she blew out the candles and removed the traces of her ritual before cleaning up.

The Witching Hour was officially over.

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